

# Morrow-Songs

By Harry Lyman Koopman

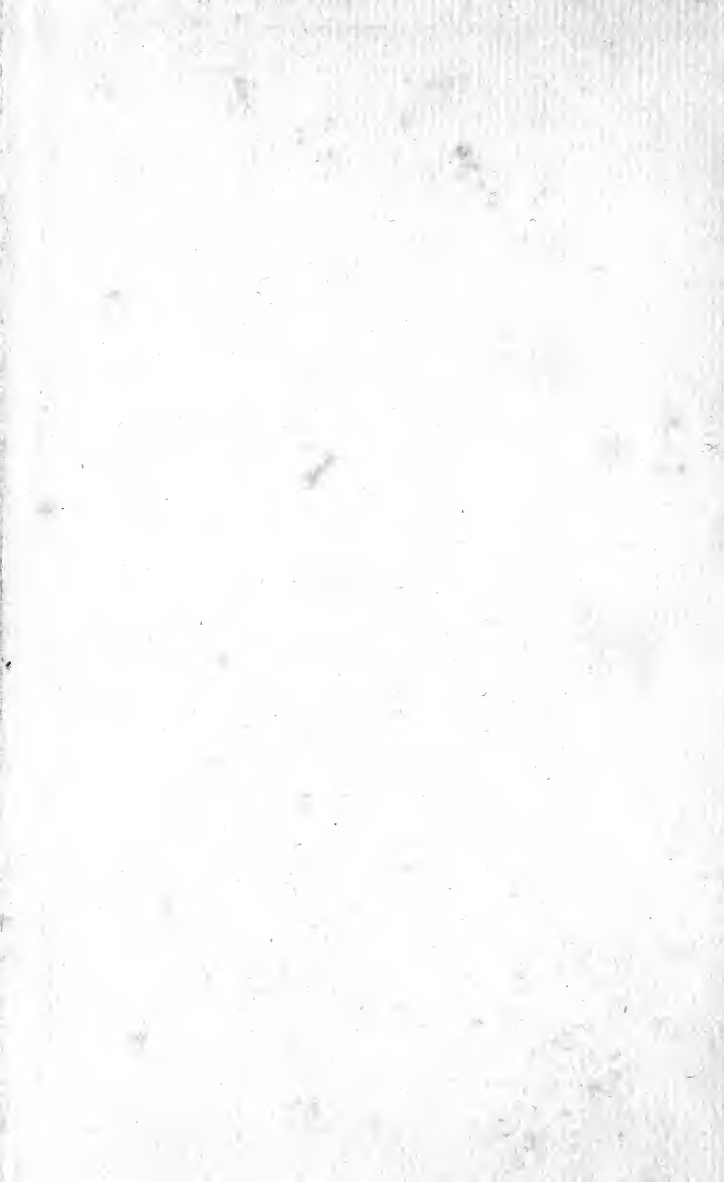
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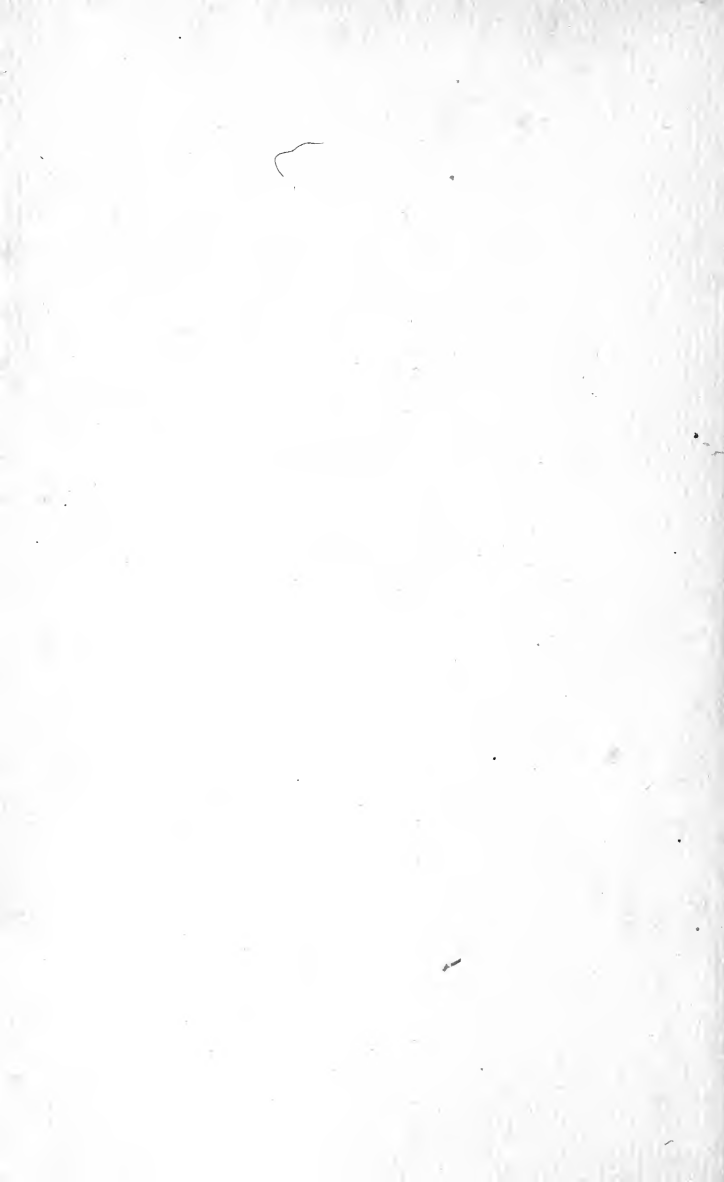




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KOOPMAN  
POETICAL WORKS

III  
MORROW-SONGS

## CHARGE

*Go, MORROW-SONGS, for so I bid you greet  
With blithe good-morrow all ye hap to meet;  
And, MORROW, while to glad my steps ye ran  
On childhood's dewy sward, ere they began  
To slip and stumble up life's craggy slope;  
MORROW, because your greeting rings with hope,  
Stronger for disillusion; and, again,  
As MORROW-SONGS I send you forth to men,  
Because of earth's great morrow-tide ye sing,  
And all the wonder that its dawn shall bring;  
And, MORROW, lastly, since to far-off days,  
If, haply, any, must ye look for praise.*

# MORROW-SONGS

1880-1898

BY

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN

BOSTON, MASS.

H. D. EVERETT, PUBLISHER

1898

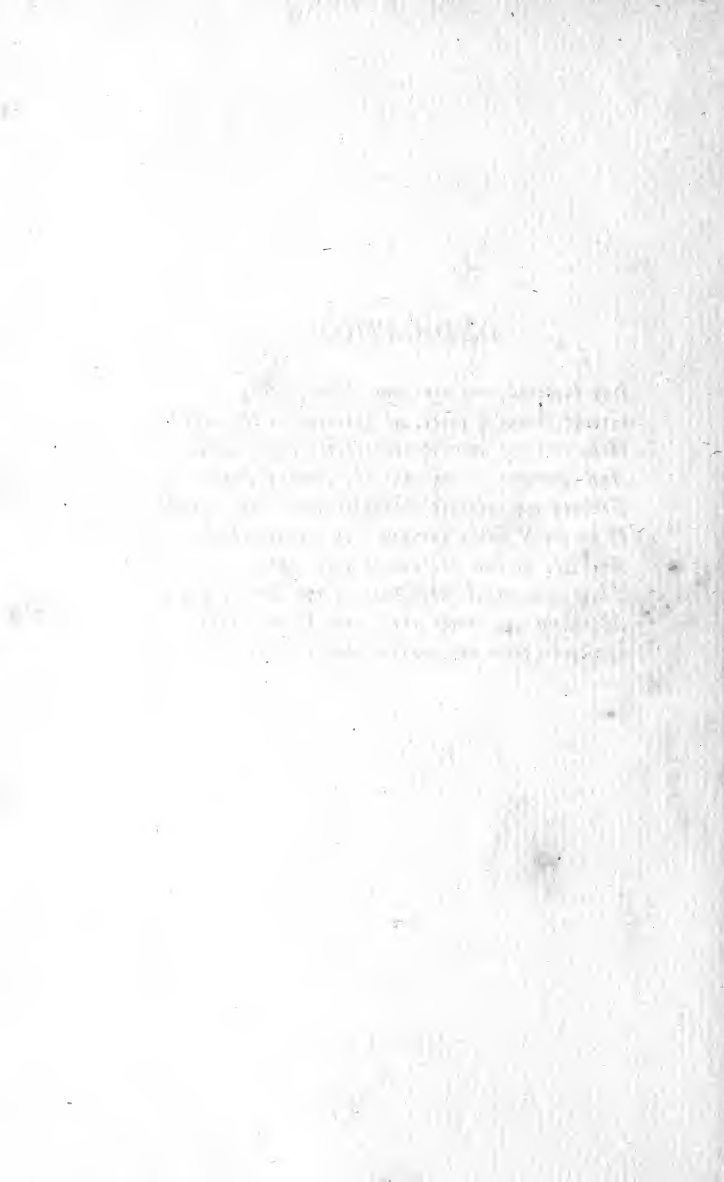
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*By H. L. Koopman*

LOAN STACK

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## DEDICATION

*Inly beloved, ere my songs take flight,  
Grant them, I pray, acceptance in thy sight,  
Who art my morrow-tide with hope elate,  
And courage to confront the coming fate;  
Yet art my midday strength and equal mind,  
Who daily faith renewest in humankind;  
And art no less the solace and repose  
That come with darkness at my labor's close.  
Morning and noon and even, O my wife,  
Unite in thee my perfect day of life.*





## CONTENTS

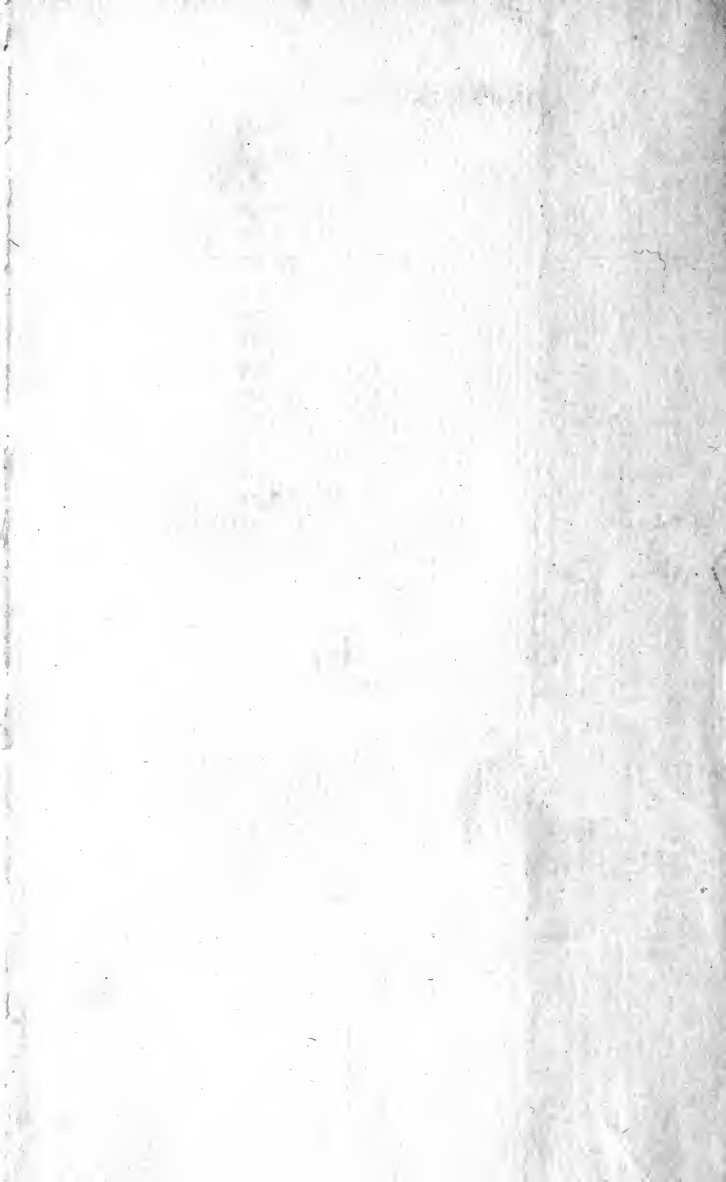
	PAGE
Charge	ii
Dedication	v
Freedom	3
The Gothic Minster	5
The Conqueror	19
John Brown	21
The Sowers	21
Progress	23
Reform	23
The Thinker	24
Heaven	25
Life	26
Recognition	26
Indignation	27
Temptation	27
Home	27
The Outlook	34
Appreciation	37
The Pioneer	38
The Higher Harmony	38
Numbers	39
The Heavenly Vision	39
My Washerwoman	40
The Church Progressive	41
Failure	41
After-Life	41
Priestcraft	42
Inheritance	42

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
What Shall It Profit?	42
Riches	43
Prudence	44
Extremes	44
The Wail of the Wounded	45
Opportunity	46
Truth	46
M' Cready	46
Stumbling-Blocks	47
Two Characterizations	48
Individualism	49
New Birth	49
Masks	49
Wit and Madness	50
Oppression	50
The Beginning of Civilization	50
The Jew	51
The King of Darkness	51
Music-Life	52
Recreant	52
The Rule of Mammon	53
Birth	54
Hate	54
Truth, Peace, Love	55
John Henry Mackay	57
Aloneness	57
Comrade	58
The Satirist	58
Midway	59
Originality	63
Revealed	63

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Kearsarge	64
Babyhood	65
Medio Tutissimus Ibis	66
The Triumph of Toil	67
The Player	67
Song-Lull	67
The Time-Server	68
Genius	68
Fertility	69
Guided	69
The Way Station	70
Culture	71
Before Dawn	71
Dust	72
Two Poets	73



# MORROW-SONGS



## FREEDOM

**V**ANISHED the tender gleams  
That my past illumed ;  
In a blaze of noon-bright beams  
Is their dawn consumed.

A vision blasting with light  
Thy features give. —  
Have I looked with naked sight  
On Thee, and live ?

Or who will credit my tale,  
If I speak Thee true ?  
But, chosen of Thee, can I fail ?  
I will dare and do.

#### NOTE.

*In the following poem the description of the cathedral adopts, for the outside, somewhat the lines of the minster at Ulm with its single spire, among the spires of earth peerless in height and beauty; while the colors of the interior have been drawn from the more gorgeous cathedrals of the Ile-de-France, the cradle and the throne of Gothic architecture.*



## THE GOTHIC MINSTER

**A** SYMPHONY in stone ; wherein all notes  
Wrung or upleaping from man's ruddy heart,  
The low, the loud, the dull, the penetrating,  
As up to heaven thronging they ascend,  
In labyrinthean intertangement,  
O'ertaken in mid-harmony by form,  
Stand bodied forth, eternized, visible.  
No thin Memnonian murmur, faintly heard  
At dawn or dusk with glad or plaintive strain,  
Here swells a chorus never still, a vast  
Millennial antiphon absolved from sound,  
Which thrills and thunders on the eye alone ;  
The music of the world-wide life of man,  
Its hopes and fears and sins and sacrifices,  
Rapt adoration, faith by deeds confirmed,  
Jaw-dropt credulity, keen questioning,  
Death-scorning courage daunted by the dark,  
Love barred with hate, with grossness purity,  
Red-slipping war, the hammering hum of peace,  
Hand-clasping brotherhood and manliness,  
The joy of handiwork, whose rest is toil,  
The joy of breathing, moving, loving life,  
Immortalized and eloquent in stone.

## MORROW-SONGS

Stand here at night in storm, when, through the  
gloom,  
The great bulk seems a wall across the world,  
Uprising jagged to the very sky,  
And you could deem a hornèd Alp, rebellious  
Against the encircling conclave of his peers,  
Had by their doom been banished here to dwell,  
With all his fretting pines and pinnacles.  
But let the moon break forth, and through swift scud  
Flicker and float upon these carven walls,  
The mountain vanishes, and in its place  
A structure gleams without a stain of earth,  
A temple heaven-descended, or, as if  
A convoy of blest angels chorusing,  
As back to heaven they bore a saint's white soul,  
Had ravished so the moonlight with their song,  
That, where their notes fell, there the beams, trans-  
formed,  
Had stood upstriving, and, as rose the hymn,  
So rose the silver fane, until the sound  
Was muffled by the stars; while far below,  
Though far aloft to men, the snowy cross  
Hung yearning for that vanished melody.  
But stand before the minster when high noon  
Throws its revealing light on tower and wall,  
The airy structure hardens into stone;  
Not all forgetful of the mountain form  
It wore in darkness, nor the winged grace

## THE GOTHIC MINSTER

And lightness of that moony masonry ;  
Yet plainly work of man, man at his best,  
Highest aspiring and most self-forgetful,  
Therefore most self-revealing. Then, what self ?  
The genius of what master intellect  
Shines here by baser hands wrought visibly ?  
No mighty genius, and no baser hands,  
But common lives by faith and art exalted ; —  
Such workmen reared these walls, and carved these  
    spires,  
And shot yon shaft of beauty into air  
Till the eye aches that follows, and the heart  
Feels itself snatched from earth and swept on high,  
As by the current of a soaring flame.

If then the greatness was not theirs that wrought,  
What mastering motive so informed their lives  
As through such lowly means to win expression ?  
Religion 't was, and art its ministrant,  
The records answer ; but the question comes,  
If unto them the word " religion " spake  
As in our ears to-day. In every age  
Bears not the word its new significance,  
Or meanings manifold, though under all  
Abide the root and spring of all religion,  
The loneliness and longing of the soul  
Orphaned of its ideal ? The eye within  
Beholds an image of perfection,

## MORROW-SONGS

But in the outer and embodied world  
Sees only crudeness, failure, death, decay ;  
No circle round, no angle true, no life  
But inly bears the seeds of its own death ;  
The redeless riddle of the universe :  
The rain descending on the evil man  
As on the good, and on the good as oft  
The hail and lightning ; nothing justified  
Within the span of life ; the heart awarding  
Men's lot by merit, and aggrieved to find  
That force on earth usurps the place of right ;  
Nor satisfied that with the ages' lapse  
Wrong slowly is made right, if this man's hurt  
Is never healed, nor that man's pride put down.  
The heart has vision in its inmost shrine  
Of love illimitable, its native air,  
Its birthplace and its bourne ; but sees on earth  
Man's hand against his brother, hate and greed  
Making the world a shambles, or a den  
Of famine and of torture ; yea ! the lesson,  
Learned after centuries, that 't is thriftier  
To coin a brother's heart's-blood, drop by drop,  
Than spill it wastefully by the swift sword.

But heart and mind refuse to answer no  
To the enigma of the universe.  
Though earth and air and sea and human life,  
With all their voices, howl a negative,

## THE GOTHIC MINSTER

Deep in the soul resounds eternal yea.  
Therefore the soul back on itself returns,  
And through itself, as though a glass, beholds  
The infinite brought down to human ken,  
The dateless, boundless, beauty, goodness, truth.  
But not in all its hours can the soul scale  
Those dizzy heights of contemplation,  
Descend those depths and breathe with mortal  
breath ;  
Nor have all souls that strength to climb and dive.  
So, that the blind might share the seer's sight,  
And that the seer in his hours of gloom  
Might not forget the vision wonderful,  
Men wrought them symbols that should reproduce  
The shadowed glory, as the picture's lines  
Recall the absent loved one. Yea, they strove  
By strong suggestions so to realize  
The world unseen, that o'er the symbol seen  
The unseen through the parted heaven should burst.  
Many the symbols that in many lands  
Throughout the ages have moved human hearts  
With heavenly persuasion ; but with some  
An age, a race, drank all the meaning dry,  
And left a rocky channel to our thirst.  
Yet other symbols spake to all men's hearts  
And speak to after ages. Such are those  
Vast emblems of the life of man in God  
And of God's life with men, that, long perfecting,

## MORROW-SONGS

After the opening of the new millennium  
For half a thousand years ceased not to break  
Flower-like on Europe's air, as if the rocks  
Had risen in worship, and the forest aisles  
Had joined them in uplifted adoration.

For him who from our naked shore brings eyes  
Of unblest innocence, which never saw  
Beauty in stone nor vaulted awfulness,  
Yet brings a heart that thrills to grace and gloom  
What ravishment awaits ! - On him unwarned,  
In all their beauty and their fragrance, burst  
These fadeless blossoms of the centuries.  
Upon his ears not dulled by frequency  
The mighty chords of these vast instruments  
Shatter full diapason. O'er his soul  
The symbol once again breaks up the depths  
Of the unfathomed blue to melt beneath  
The glory of the infinite descending.  
Man's life in God, so mounts the soaring pile ;  
Foundations vast and broad laid far below  
In sunless depths of unseen sacrifice ;  
The walls arising, buttressed all about  
With rallying support ; oft scarcely more  
Than buttresses, so precious is the room  
For inward light ; then shrinking in the roof,  
Then, as if taking heart, once more the walls  
Rise heavenward, many-windowed, through a maze

## THE GOTHIC MINSTER

Of buttresses that spring to meet the lower,  
Then leap in upward flame for very joy  
Of help received and given ; while, through all  
The length and breadth of the vast edifice,  
No line but upward strives, no stone but lifts,  
No smallest spire or finial but stands  
On tiptoe to ascend. But not so broad  
Can mount the highest life. The roof shuts in ;  
And all the upward impulse of the pile  
Narrows into the tower, which climbs and climbs,  
But though so far from earth not yet finds heaven ;  
Too earthly still, it throws more weight away ;  
A flying cloud is scarce so airy now ;  
But still the vision waits, and still the spire,  
Now narrowed to a staff, holds on its aim,  
Will not give o'er until the blessing fall ;  
And see, the stone begins to bud with hope ;  
Swifter the spire shoots up, then suddenly  
Stops, and in the rose-cross blossoms forth  
For rapture of the beatific vision.

So finds the life of man its rest in God,  
After long toil, repose ; long warfare, peace.  
Where finds it ? Yonder, never here on earth,  
The upward-pointing answers. Finds what life ?  
The heart still urges, and for answer given  
Receives the beckoning of the sculptured portal.  
With heart upturned and chastened soul go in ;

## MORROW-SONGS

The world shuts down behind, and thou art left  
Alone in presence of the ineffable.  
The very light is not the light of day ;  
For here the sun shines not, but living light  
With its effulgence glorifies the air,  
As if the rainbow's promise filled the world.  
All vistas end in light ; past range on range  
Of columns down the illimitable aisle  
A glory shuts the vision ; while, above,  
From gloom to splendor soar the vaulted heights.  
To right, to left, the air is dyed with hues,  
Rich, darkling, solemnly magnificent,  
Like the deep organ tones that from aloft  
Roll under the huge vaults, and die away  
Along the lessening arches dim and far.  
Hours here are ages ; time has oped his hand  
And let the soul fly free ; the bounds of space  
Hem its light wings no longer. Where and when  
Have lost their meaning to the mind entranced.  
Yea, self itself is lost ; the weary soul,  
After long flight, within the bosom rests  
Of the eternal, as the spray-flung drop  
Sinks back in ocean's immensity.

What shall bring back the soul to earthly life,  
After such heavenly ravishment, lest it faint,  
Being clothed upon with flesh, in that fine air ?  
Beauty : which links the human and divine,



## THE GOTHIC MINSTER

And lures the soul on heavenly meads astray  
Down its bright pathways to humanity.  
At last the eye begins with separate sight  
To mark what wholly had but dazzled it.  
The mind, by suddenness of the splendor stunned,  
Now step by step and slowly traverses  
The strange new world revealed ; and finds it all  
Not wholly new or strange. The forms are here  
That build the forest's awe, the cavern's dread,  
And, more familiar still, the lowlier shapes  
Of leaf and bud and flower, with vines that cling  
And coil and twine and creep and nestle or climb ;  
All wrought with faithfulness that comes alone  
To love, a love that cherishes the life,  
Not merely the dead forms. Then the mind's eye  
Pictures the workman of that elder time  
On Sunday with his children wandering  
In wood and field, and noting curve and poise  
Of flower and leaf and stem, while constantly  
His children bring him brighter, sweeter blooms  
For his approval. Wearying at last,  
They lighten with their songs the homeward way.  
No man might hope to see the pile complete,  
But yet his daily, weekly, yearly task  
He wrought and finished, and in doing it  
Found happiness. Toil might his body tire,  
But in his heart was never any wish  
Save to renew his task with the new day ;

## MORROW-SONGS

So much he loved the work. His toil to him  
Was recreation, for it ministered  
To mind and heart; in it his thought and will  
Wrought their creative impulse, and he knew  
The artist's joy, finding in art his life.

Men build no more cathedrals; — walls may rise,  
With tower and window, and be consecrate  
To the old purpose, but the soul is fled.  
Small need the cause to question. Who toils now  
For love of art, with high creative joy?  
No laborer. Then in vain the master plans,  
Or, rather, vain his plan, and void of soul.  
Art knows no sundering of the hand and brain;  
The two as one must labor, for in art  
The greater sinks or rises with the less.  
But, given the art, should we be able still  
To lift such clouds of incense to the sky,  
By marble less than faith made permanent?  
The question holds its answer; for the faith  
That bade these mountains be removed and wrought  
Into new shapes of heavenlier loveliness  
Is dead on earth, never to live again.  
That faith is dead; light slew it; when men came  
To know the world they live in, and themselves,  
The faith that pointed them away from earth,  
And bade them scorn and flee it, could not live.  
With all the beauty and the nameless charm

## THE GOTHIC MINSTER

And soothing of the soul and inspiration  
And lessons, which their monuments retain,  
The old beliefs of twilight, when day dawned,  
Must needs grow thin and vanish like the night.  
That faith is dead which made the earth a waste,  
And man's life but a desert pilgrimage  
O'er burning sands and flinty shards to find  
Beyond its bounds a Paradise and rest.  
That faith is dead which in the body saw  
Only the spirit's prison, a house of sin,  
To be escaped from, not indwelt with joy.  
That faith is dead, with its black pessimism,  
Which deemed this world the devil's world, and then,  
That men might not die wholly in despair,  
Fashioned a heaven for earth's apology.  
That faith is dead, but its dark influence  
Yet shadows us. Now men discern at last  
That whatsoever other lives and worlds  
Within the unrevealed may wait for man,  
Yet is this earth his home, the theatre,  
Where, and not elsewhere, he must play his part ; —  
So much is sure ; the rest is dread or hope ; —  
How do men greet this knowledge ? How for this  
Has the old faith prepared them ? Alas ! the heart,  
In the long years wherein the mind has grown  
To stature and strength of manhood, has been fed  
On childish food, and in its weakness  
Staggers beneath the burden. Some men therefore

## MORROW-SONGS

Rush out of life, preferring any change,  
Or nothingness itself, to life on earth.  
Others, like wolves, against their fellows turn  
And rend the weak and wounded, feasting on them.  
Others, retreating to the charnel house  
Of the dead faith, pretend that life is there.  
But most men to themselves seem aimlessly  
Hurrying to and fro and finding naught.

Yet, unto one who from the minster tower  
Looks down along the centuries to the ground,  
They seem to move in common; and the sight  
Awakes within his heart a faith, to which  
That elder faith was childish fantasy.  
What the new life shall be toward which men move  
No tongue can tell, for it no eye hath seen;  
But whence they move is clear; therefore in part  
The whither we may guess. Away from hate,  
Away from violence, men slowly draw,  
And leave behind the huddling fear of force,  
Which sinks in mass the individual,  
And leave the vapors of world-ignorance,  
Whereon man saw his morning shadow thrown,  
And fell before its vastness, worshiping;  
And leave with every lie some love of lies.  
Hence deem we kindness and brotherhood,  
Respect for others born of self-respect,  
And bold research in room of cringing awe,

## THE GOTHIC MINSTER

Shall have their home in that new world men seek ;  
And though on earth they seek it, is it less  
Than that celestial city which John saw  
Descending out of heaven unto men,  
Wherein was no defilement, no more curse,  
Abomination, lie in love or deed,  
Sorrow nor crying more, nor any night,  
But blessedness and healing of the nations ?  
No temple stood therein ; for in that world  
Symbol in sight is lost. There the eternal  
Is manifest in full-flowered human life,  
Which finds itself in the eternal found.  
More we cannot discern, and if we saw  
We could but misinterpret ; but no doubt  
That newer life will bring its new ideals,  
New character, new conduct, new religion ;  
Which if revealed to us were meaningless  
Or profanation. Let us be content  
With what the far height of the tower unfolds  
Of man's divine progression.

If, in times  
When all things change, our hearts distrust and  
doubt,  
Turn we to where the Gothic minster lifts  
Its cross above the ages, and there learn  
How through the old life's death the new is born :  
A thousand years one order ruled the world,

## MORROW-SONGS

One form for every temple, wrought upon  
The hard lines of the Roman's hall of state.  
It added first the symbol of the cross,  
Then arched the mighty dome of heaven's peace ;  
The walls reached out their level length, and stood  
In strength a bulwark against all the world ;  
While, like a lower firmament, the roof,  
Expansive, low, benignly sheltering,  
Shut out the world above from that beneath ;  
On every window pressed the rounded arch,  
And all was strong and stable and secure.  
At last, with change of times, the order changed :  
The windows robbed the wall's supremacy,  
Grown wider, yet aspiring far aloft  
In slender shafts that broke the restful lines  
Of level, broken further by supports  
To prop the weakened sides. The roof, upheaved  
As by a strong convulsion, cleft the air  
A wedge, no more a shelter. Losing power  
To lift great domes in air, men reared instead  
Dizzy and toppling spires. Even the round  
Of the strong arch was broken, and the whole,  
To hide its death, was draped with carven flowers.  
So, when at Amiens change had wrought its worst,  
In the completed pile no trace was left  
Of the old meaning ; and, to eyes that saw  
After the ancient order, seemed alone  
Ruin, where we behold the full-blown rose

## THE GOTHIC MINSTER

Of Gothic beauty, and discern therein  
Meanings that more transcend what they displaced  
Than those the coldness of the Roman hall.  
The elder order built with lifeless weight  
Of stone on stone against the outer light ;  
With all its strength it perished ; but the new  
Abides, which builds with life and light and love.

## THE CONQUEROR \*

**A** KNIGHT withouten golden spurs,  
Or shield or plummy crest,  
Or axe or brand to take in hand,  
Or lance to lay in rest ;

A knight for whom no champing steed  
Impatient paws the ground ;  
By squire unfollowed, and by rede  
Of minstrel unrenowned ;

No lordly mould of brow or limb,  
Nor eye's imperial ken,  
Nor grace of speech distinguish him  
Above his fellow-men ;

\* From this point onward the poems are arranged in order of time.

## MORROW-SONGS

And they that see him day by day,  
With eyes of outward sight,  
Have never guessed he rideth quest  
Or hath been dubbed a knight.

But weary eye and weary arm  
And heart world-overworn  
Bespeak how near hope lies to fear,  
While blows yet must be borne.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! couldst thou deem that at the last  
Thy God would leave thee so?  
Hark to the heavenly trumpet blast,  
The death-knell of thy foe!

Mankind at length are open-eyed,  
And, all along the sky,  
Behold their beacon-fires that wide  
Proclaim thy victory.

For only Truth can triumph long,  
And they that work its will  
Then conquer most when foemen boast  
Their bodies slain and still.



## JOHN BROWN

## JOHN BROWN

**T**HE sea-bound landsman, looking back to shore,  
Now learns what land is highest ; — not the ring  
Of hills that erewhile shut out everything  
Beyond them from him ; these are seen no more ;  
Nor yet the loftier heights that, from the lower,  
He saw far inland, blue, and, worshipping,  
Believed they touched the sky ; the gull's white  
wing  
Long since flashed o'er them sunk in the sea-floor.  
These were but uplands hiding the true height,  
Which looms above them as they sink, and rears  
Its greatness ever greater on the sight.  
So thou, across the widening sea of years,  
Aye risest great, as on through gloom and bright  
Our tossing bark of Progress sunward steers.

## THE SOWERS

**T**HERE went three sowers forth to sow,  
In the shining days when the earth was young ;  
One scarfed with the dawning-light did go,  
For out of the east his steps had sprung ;  
And seeds of knowledge he bore in his hand  
To scatter broadcast over the land.

## MORROW-SONGS

Another came from the midday heat,  
And seeds of beauty he sowed afar ;  
Resplendent vapors rolled at his feet,  
And his brows were bright as the sun-lands are ;  
To the lands of midnight away he strode,  
And the dawn and the gloaming beneath him glowed.

The third came out of the star-lit north,  
With the rush of winds and of waters he came ;  
And seeds of duty he scattered forth,  
Far-flung like the northern dayspring's flame ;  
Till dale and hillside, from sea to sea,  
Were bright with the bloom of his husbandry.

But that was ages and ages gone,  
The sowers are now at rest from their toil ;  
The threefold harvest is drawing on,  
For the dry stalks clash o'er a withered soil.  
Already the reapers throng amain  
With shining sickles among the grain.

For out of the west the reapers pour  
To reap the harvest the three have sown,  
To bind the sheaves for the threshing-floor,  
Where history's fruit shall at last be shown ;  
And beauty, knowledge, and duty then  
Shall yield their bread for the life of men.

## PROGRESS

## PROGRESS

**E**NLARGED horizons, ampler life, are gains  
Less than their proof mankind still onward  
    strains.

## REFORM

**H**ALT! hear ye not the cry,  
That voice not loud nor high,  
But a mighty undertone,  
From the four winds of heaven blown?  
Hark! ye can hear it now,  
The sound men heard of yore,  
Making the tyrant bow,  
And crumbling sceptre and throne.  
Hark to the gathering roar,  
And flee from the coming storm.  
Reform, reform, reform!

What! an ye will not hear,  
Look the horizon round,  
See how the wroth clouds rear  
Their blackness from the ground.  
The blue sky shrivels in dread,  
It is furled as a sail is furled;  
There are fiery bolts to be sped,

## MORROW-SONGS

For the vengeance waxeth warm,  
For justice wakes on the world,  
And woe to the guilty head.  
Reform, reform, reform !

Nay, it is now too late !  
Ye heed, but we cannot wait ;  
The tempest has drawn too nigh ;  
Its threaded lightnings ply,  
And a fiery shroud they weave.  
Fools, ye would not believe,  
Ye doubted, and ye must die.  
Ye vanish, and where ye stood  
The hosts of the upright swarm,  
Their battle-cry made good :  
Reform, reform, reform !

## THE THINKER

**A** PURBLIND mole bored underneath a stone,  
A castle's corner-stone. Then came a storm  
And swept the stronghold to the ground, and men  
Wondered a wind should have such power to smite.

## HEAVEN

## HEAVEN

**O**UT of the world of illusion into the world of truth,

From the world of change and dying to the world of fadeless youth ;

Where the eye of man unclouded shall look on things that are,

And the heart of man unwithered be free from sorrow and care,

And the life of man, unfettered by bonds of time and space,

Shall bloom as a god's, unsleeping, yea, lit by God's own face.

O Father, 't is that fair kingdom Thy hands have wrought for men ;

From Thee was their beginning, to Thee they return again.

But forget not, O heart anhungered, that now, and here on the earth,

Mayst thou dwell in that heavenly city, mayst thou see with the soul's new birth ;

For whoso liveth and striveth in service of truth and of love,

To him yieldeth earth already the blessings promised above.

## MORROW-SONGS

### LIFE

**L**IFE is a passage o'er a stream  
That bridge nor ferry owns ;  
Which we must cross, in gloom or gleam,  
On slippery stepping-stones.

### RECOGNITION

**A**T twenty, "Dreamer," pitying neighbors said ;  
At thirty, "Fool," the harsher title came ;  
At forty, "Crank," men sneered with scorn and  
    blame ;  
But still the genius toiled with unbowed head,  
Wide sowing seed that none saw harvested,  
Till, by and by, at fifty, some cried "Shame !  
Respect at least is due a noble aim."  
So called him "Mister " guardedly instead.  
At sixty, one must harvest, wheat or chaff ;  
And now 't was "the Distinguished " that he  
    heard.  
At seventy, fields are reaped, the winners laugh ;  
And he had won ; "the Great " was now men's  
    word.  
At eighty, they inscribed 'His fame folds in  
'This orb o' the earth.' Yea, who but dreamers win ?

## INDIGNATION

## INDIGNATION

**S**HOCK old proprieties, cross local forms,—  
How Indignation in a moment storms !  
Lie, cheat, bribe, steal, thrust orphans out of doors,—  
And Indignation in its arm-chair snores.

## TEMPTATION

**H**ER his divine scorn back to virtue won ;  
He by his second temptress was undone.

## HOME \*

**H**AIL, Mother of us all ! from sea and shore  
Thy children gather round thy knees once  
more ;  
The faithful ones that never left thy side,  
And they whose feet have wandered far and wide.  
How dear these love thee, in thy sheltering nest,  
Thy happier children, all their lives attest ;  
But they no less that under alien skies  
In tearful memory mark thy homes arise.

\* Read at the centennial celebration of the town of Freeport, Maine,  
July fourth, 1889.

## MORROW-SONGS

The fevered sailor on the Spanish Main  
Sees in thy springs his boyhood's face again.  
The homeless toiler 'mid the city's roar  
In midnight watches visits thee once more,  
Retraces every step his childhood trod,  
And in his garret plucks thy goldenrod,  
Or breathes the fragrance of the mayflower meek  
One moment that blots out the city's reek ;  
And even those whose sun sets in the sea  
Prairie and mountain cannot part from thee.  
Serener, softer skies may arch above,  
Thy children yield them a divided love.  
Let now the homage all have paid so long  
In grateful silence, voice itself in song,  
While flock thy nurselings from the ends of earth  
To greet thee on thy second century's birth.

O Mother Town, thy children love thee well,—  
For what they love thee let our praises tell.  
Thy skies we love, whether they laugh with blue,  
Or frown with clouds the tempest hurtles through ;  
For sheltering still their vastness o'er thee bends,  
A shield whose dome from hill to sea extends.  
Thy hills we love, whose granite ridges show  
Westward the summits of late-lingering snow ;  
Themselves to eastward many a watery mile  
The sailor's promise of his children's smile.  
How oft, far inland, gray-beard sons of thine,



## HOME

Catching the scent of rope or tarry twine,  
Have felt the odor in a flash restore  
Thy river-port, the shipyards on the shore !  
Again the mallets ply their clattering din,  
The tackles chirp, the screeching planes join in,  
While from the sooty cauldron spreads afar  
The wholesome fragrance of the boiling tar.  
They see the boys with mimic boats at play,  
The white sails flashing in the outer bay,  
With wooded islands peeping still beyond,  
Enchanted isles, the gates of " faery lond."  
Yea, dear is Haraseket's blue expanse ;  
Dear also every brooklet's foamy dance,  
Dusking and dimpling down the wooded hills,  
Where streaming moss its frolic tinkle stills.  
We love thy spruces, hemlocks, and thy firs,  
Cross-bearing, but unwearied worshippers ;  
Thy maples, Autumn's chariot of fire,  
Thy royal elms that robed in gold expire ;  
And even the wild roses by the way  
Our memories cherish many a thorny day.

The ships that make thy name no longer strange  
Wherever commerce and its ventures range,  
These love we ; but our warmer love arouse  
The manly hearts that urge their frothing prows ;  
Nor these alone, but all the sons of toil  
That reap God's harvests in the wave or soil.

## MORROW-SONGS

Such are earth's noblemen. In after-time,  
When Right shall reckon idleness a crime,  
Who earns not shall not eat, nor any knave  
Shall make by law his fellow-man his slave;  
For God's great granary of earth shall be  
No longer fenced, but, as the winds are, free.  
What sturdy sons thy lap hath given to fame  
Where learning builds, let Rochester proclaim.  
What inspiration from thy fields hath sprung  
To lend art hues and piety a tongue,—  
Hark to the champion of the Rising Faith,  
Hear what Ænone's pictured beauty saith !

Our pulses leap, we glow with filial pride,  
Yet is unspoken more than all beside.  
O brave young souls who at your country's call  
Gave life itself, and deemed the offering small,  
If you we name not this memorial day  
May tyrants filch our liberties away.  
Ah no ! your fame is blazoned on the sky ;  
Your lives ye lost to find eternally.  
And oh ! the sainted, nameless, unforgot  
Sweet souls that live, though now we see them not,  
Whose lives were love to daily duty set,  
Whose prayers, we know, are not all answered yet,  
Whose memories blossom o'er their dust entombed,  
As Aaron's rod, long dead, to fragrance bloomed.  
'T is these that teach us what of thine we prize,—

## HOME

Not chiefly nature's boon of fields and skies,  
Which other climes in richer store extend,  
Unclouded heavens, and harvests without end,  
Where, free from blight of frost and suns that sear,  
Perpetual spring leads round the laughing year.  
Such blessings here we need not, satisfied  
With one chief good that beggars all beside.  
For here, our lives, though wide they learn to roam,  
Find last, as first, and only here, the Home.

Resting on earth, but leading up to heaven,  
Like Bethel's ladder, home to man was given.  
First ray of love in self's benighted life,  
The care for other self in maid and wife ;  
Then pity quickened for the crying child,  
Last, duty ; and the man that roamed the wild,  
Chief brute in cunning, but with death his goal,  
Breathed on by God became a living soul.  
O childhood's home, what memories haunt thy  
name !

Of prayers the mother taught when twilight came,  
Her kiss that cheered the urchin's steps to school,  
The father's praise where silence was the rule,  
The mysteries of morning, noon, and night,  
Transfigured all by love's celestial light,  
When all the world was new, and all was good,  
And midmost of the world the household stood.  
Wide now the world has grown, but not so wide

## MORROW-SONGS

As oft the gulf that parts men side by side.  
Though petty seem the joys which then we knew,  
They filled our hearts, as now what triumphs do ?  
Yea, toil itself was pleasure, for the work  
Was done in love, and not as hirelings shirk.  
Here beauty wrought, revealing heaven's design  
That only service can make life divine ;  
And well had wrought if never stranger's gaze  
Had waked the great world's chorus of its praise.  
Here sturdy yeomen, toiling without shame,  
Amassed the riches of an honest name,  
And taught their sons to walk where they had trod,  
Speak truth, and love their country and their God.

Beloved town, with gladness we discern  
How fortune smiles on thee at every turn,  
And trust that all its present favor brings  
Is but the earnest of still goodlier things ;  
Yet on this day, the fulness of thy years,  
One word the poet brings not free from fears.  
Dear Home Town, let men ever call thee so ;  
Guard well the fount from which thy virtues flow.  
Only thy homes can rear thee manly sons  
And daughters gentle, as thine earlier ones.  
Only thy homes, when dawns this day again,  
Can bring thee love like ours from future men.  
O Land of Homes, amid the storms to fall,  
No fear be thine if thou hast homes for all.

## HOME

Assured of this, let drowning rains descend,  
And all the winds their wrath against thee bend;  
The fleeting sands may shift with every shock,  
Not thou, for thou art founded on a rock.  
O Mother Earth, then blooms thy perfect flower  
Only when perfect homes prepare the hour;  
The perfect flower of Earth, the perfect pair,  
Whose Eden yet awaits them everywhere!

As Europe's vast cathedrals, piled in stone,  
Displaced the trees that on their sites had grown,  
Yet in their aisles and arches but renewed  
The living outlines of the primal wood,  
Even so our dreams of human life at best,—  
Mankind restored, its demons dispossessed,  
Where labor waits on health and joy and truth,  
And beauty finds in love eternal youth,—  
Our visions, as they shape themselves in air,  
And clearer grow, familiar faces wear,  
Till, when at last their structure rounds to view,  
'T is only the old home-life builded new.

## MORROW-SONGS

### THE OUTLOOK

BY A CONSERVATIVE

**W**HEN I was young I sighed for fame,  
And burned the midnight oil;  
But, now I 'm old, my blood is tame,  
I sit and nurse the sea-coal's flame,  
And read how others toil.

Here Henry George, for all he 's worth,  
Proclaims his one taxation,  
Crusading to set free the earth,  
And make the loafer, rich from birth,  
Dismount his poor relation.

There Bellamy, another crank,  
Fiction with fact would mingle;  
He sees that men in file and rank,  
Like oars arranged in tier and bank,  
Beat twice their number single.

And so the great industrial mob  
He 'd mold into an army,  
And send it forth to kill and rob  
Famine and Surfeit, which hobnob,  
While discontent grows barmy.

## THE OUTLOOK

“Amen!” cries Boston’s Dawn of Bliss,  
“But don’t be too paternal.  
*Fraternal* the true watchword is.  
Man in management to miss  
Were tyranny infernal.”

Yonder Macready calls, whose cue  
Seems caught from sport, not killing,  
“See how the players dare and do;  
What order, yet what ardor too!  
Because each part is willing.”

He’d have no man controlled by man,—  
Police or politician;  
For each will do the best he can,  
Simply through fear of public ban,  
Or hope of recognition.

So *he* holds; and this loose-hung state  
He calls ideal freedom;  
Where men may join or separate,  
Live gods or beasts, in love or hate,  
As happiness shall lead ’em.

The poet Morris, oversea,  
Sick of civilization,  
Dreams how England’s wealth may be  
Common wealth, and Britons free  
Even from education.

## MORROW-SONGS

In Germany upstarts Mackay,  
The monarch self proclaiming,  
Across the Storm a steadying cry,  
A torch to lighten earth and sky,  
For equal freedom flaming.

“Bravo!” shouts Tucker, looking up  
Above the Transatlantic.  
“That’s Liberty; that’s Proudhon’s cup,  
Whereof when nations learn to sup,  
Their greatness grows gigantic.”

Last, Sullivan exclaims serene:  
“God bless you all, my hearties!”  
Deuce take them, I say, for I’ve seen  
Too much reform to care a bean  
For any of their parties.

I’ll wager if I had ’em here,  
Well fed, with none that know by,  
Two fingers round a glass of beer,  
Some good havanas lying near,  
They’d give the crowd the go-by.

I’d wager, yet I won’t be sure;  
I own I can’t quite place them.  
You’d really think they love the poor,  
Gold seems powerless to allure,  
Or honors to debase them.



## THE OUTLOOK

'T was like this in the tiresome days  
We now call *ante-bellum* ;  
Garrison setting all ablaze,  
And Beecher drowning Parker's brays,  
With Phillips to outyell 'em ;

Whittier hounding us in rhyme,  
And Mrs. Stowe in fiction,  
And Lowell with them keeping time,  
But trying to disguise his crime  
Beneath the rabble's diction.

I promise these the self-same fate.  
Who now spouts abolition ?  
Just so you 'll see, if you but wait,  
A time when fools no longer prate  
About the poor's condition.

## APPRECIATION

**W**E crowned with thorns the living hero's brow ;  
But see, we deck his grave with roses now.

*Now!* while the very stones from which he bled  
Climb to a monument above his head.

## MORROW-SONGS

### THE PIONEER

**H**ERE shall be smiling fields, where now the fell  
And ravening wolf howls to his echoed howl ;  
Babies shall prattle where couched panthers  
growl,  
And lovers clip and coo in many a dell  
Which now the savage wakes with midnight yell  
To blood and flame and frenzied orgies foul.  
Already light breaks in on bat and owl  
O'er crashing trees. The settler's axe aims well.

How desperate are beginnings ! But, at last,  
Where one and then a hundred sadly wrought,  
Throng, on a sudden, millions, and the past  
Becomes heroic, with men's praises fraught.  
Take my praise now, while still thy toils loom vast,  
Lone outpost on the far frontier of thought.

### THE HIGHER HARMONY

**T**HE soul attuned to music of the spheres  
Strikes often discords unto earthly ears.

## NUMBERS

## NUMBERS

THE crowd is always on the side of truth ;  
But commonly not long before the truth  
Has in that special form become a lie.

## THE HEAVENLY VISION

WHEN I am dead,  
May this with truth be said,  
On the rude stone that marks my lowly head,  
That, spite of doubt and indecision,  
In spite of weakness, lameness, blindness,  
Heart's treachery and fate's unkindness,  
Neglect of friends and scorn of foes,  
Stark poverty and all its woes,  
The body's ills that clog the mind  
And the bold spirit bind,  
Still through my earthly course I went,  
    *"Not disobedient  
    Unto the heavenly vision."*

## MORROW-SONGS

### MY WASHERWOMAN

**I** LIVE at the upper end of the street,  
Where the ground is clean and the air is sweet,  
But all I can see is a patch of sky,  
And lawns and painted walls hard by.  
My washerwoman lives at the end  
Where street and people downward tend ;  
Where the air is full of sickly smells  
And unkempt, squabbling children's yells ;  
But, all day long, from her dingy room,  
She can look where earth's first mountains loom,  
Beyond the broad and living lake,  
Whose deeps the sunset splendors take.

She looks, but, ah ! she cannot see,  
So blinding is her poverty.  
On pain and hunger, heat and frost,  
The pomp of earth and sky is lost.

And I that haste the foul street through,  
Envyng her its wealth of view,  
I know that if some ill desert  
Should doom me to its noise and dirt,  
The change would bring me loss, not gain,  
Though hourly through my narrow pane

## MY WASHERWOMAN

I saw those primal mountains rise,  
As proudly peerless to the skies  
As when adown their slopes of old  
The parted waters wallowing rolled.

## THE CHURCH PROGRESSIVE

**T**HE Church advances ; to each new position  
Man's marching spirit takes she hobbles fast,  
Asserting shrill the hour she finds admission,  
That here she had her home through all the past.

## FAILURE

**Y**ES, I succeeded, and have men's praise,  
And cannot escape it all my days.  
My rival failed ; — but every age  
Shall thrill at the task he dared engage.

## AFTER-LIFE

**O**F any other life than this we lead  
Now on the earth, nothing we know indeed ;  
But having this life, with its depth and range,  
We know not whence, why seems another strange ?

## MORROW-SONGS

### PRIESTCRAFT

**A**T Bruno's, Lessing's, Rousseau's monument  
Priests glower aloof, their sullen spite to vent  
Against those Sons of Dawn; for well they wot  
When priestcraft dies its memory shall rot.

### INHERITANCE

**O**UR godly fathers from the body stole  
Comfort and beauty, to enrich the soul.  
We, starved and stunted beneath rigor's frown,  
Our souls in riot of the senses drown.

### WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT? \*

#### I.

#### AN EARLY PHYSICIAN

**I**F I lay waste and wither up with doubt  
The confidence men have that fleshly ills  
Are the invasion of a demon rout  
Whose fury charm or incantation stills,

\* Suggested by Mr. Howells's poem in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1891.

## WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ?

What shall it profit ? for the sick are healed  
Oft with these if not by them, and shall I  
Disturb men's faith, who have no help to yield,  
And leave the sick in their despair to cry ?

### II.

#### DOUBT

This profit is in doubt : until men fear  
They trust a lie, who will strive truth to find ?  
And what is faith but holding truth so dear  
We welcome doubt lest some lie lurk behind ?  
The truth abides ; to halt with doubt perplexed  
Is the first step toward the truth's finding out.  
Though one road fail, the next, or next, or next  
Shall lead to truth ; for men are saved by doubt.

#### RICHES

**F**REEDOM the wood-nymph in a marish found  
A gilded asp, with glittering jeweled crest  
And eyes of light. So gracefully it coiled,  
With rainbow shimmer playing o'er its gold,  
That Freedom, charmed, took up the lissome toy,  
And let it coil about her sloping wrist,  
And span her neck, and make its pliant nest

## MORROW-SONGS

Among the soft curves of her youthful bosom.  
For what should white-armed Freedom dream of ill!  
Now lies she low, a purple-spotted corpse,  
Poisoning the air, dead without sign of wound.  
But those that nearer drew tell how they saw  
A mark as of a tooth above the spot  
Where once beat Freedom's heart.

## PRUDENCE

**I**NTO Truth's abandoned camp  
Prudence mounts with martial tramp,  
Celebrates a victory vast;  
While the Truth, unseen, has passed  
Onward in its desperate fight  
With the cohorts of the Night.

## EXTREMES

**T**RUTH is found in extremes; 't is only expedience, prudence,  
Hug the mean, and call it truth, and their paltering, wisdom.  
Both extremes may be true, but the mean, from its very nature,  
Always has been, is, and must forever be untrue.



## THE WAIL OF THE WOUNDED

### THE WAIL OF THE WOUNDED

**A**FTER the Gettysburg fight,  
When war had ceased with the night,  
Uncared-for the wounded lay,  
Where they fell in the bloody fray,  
Ten thousand on every side,  
With the myriad more that died.  
But oh! the chorus of pain  
That rose from hillside and plain,  
A vast, intermingled groan,  
Shriek and howling and moan,  
A volume that crowded the air,  
Agony, anguish, despair,  
In billows that rose and sank,  
Till my soul became a blank,  
By sympathy wrung too deep,  
Escaping madness in sleep.

But often now I awake  
With every limb a-quake,  
And hair upstarting, wet,  
While on my hearing yet  
In torture shriek again  
That landscape of wounded men.

## MORROW-SONGS

### OPPORTUNITY

**T**HOR with his thunderous hammer smote the  
rock  
Full nine and ninety times with bounding shock,  
And still a mocking laugh the granite gave ;  
Then Thor the thunderer slept within his grave.  
I came, a stripling, dealt my puny stroke,  
And into dust the stubborn boulder broke.

### TRUTH

**L**IKE the dropping rain is truth,  
Which barren soil to foulness turns,  
But life in fruitful soil reneweth,  
Till all the land with beauty burns.

### M'CREADY \*

**H**OW soon forgotten when we are gone !  
But here and there our lives bloom on  
Perennial in faithful hearts,  
Whose love recalls our played-out parts,

\* Died June 16, 1890.

## M'CREADY

And heaves a sigh o'er the broken thread,  
And the roofless tower, and the path that led  
To where the prairie's light and bloom  
Began to break on the jungle's gloom.  
For the spinning ceased, and the trowel fell,  
And the pioneer, who had led so well  
From the forest-depths to the clearing's verge,  
Sank earthward, powerless to emerge.  
But he left behind him a shining trail,  
For others' guidance who shall not fail ;  
Who, pressing onward, shall easily win  
To the gardens of beauty and enter in ;  
By thousands enter, till where he trod  
They build an avenue, firm and broad ;  
At the side of which, near the forest's bound,  
He lies in unremembering ground.  
But the throngs that follow where first he went  
Shall be his living monument.

## STUMBLING-BLOCKS

**L**IFE'S greatest art, learned through its hardest  
                    knocks,  
Is to make stepping-stones of stumbling-blocks.

## MORROW-SONGS

### TWO CHARACTERIZATIONS

*H. L. K.—Shelley's Adonais, 35a*

**A**T last, long after these, a form appeared,  
Some deemed it marsh-lamp, some a meteor  
    stray ;  
So low it moved that envy never bleared,  
    Nor hate nor malice stifled its thin ray ;  
    Yet with love's rosy flame it burned alway,  
Save wrath at wrong flushed it with vengeful red,  
    Or honor's hue, caught from the fount of day,  
Or hope with gold of dawn was through it shed ; —  
Now pale with ruth and rue, it sought that stricken  
    head.

*K. H. K.—Born January 1, 1892*

To dare the right, though heaven denounce it sin,  
    To clasp the truth, though all men brand it lie,  
To stand alone, until thy firmness win  
    The world to look and what thou seest descry,  
    To know thyself, and trust thine own clear eye  
Against a multitude, greatly to love,  
    Greatly to be loved, void of jealousy,  
And not even hate to hate ; so live, and prove  
The New Year's gift to earth its need has vision of.

## INDIVIDUALISM

### INDIVIDUALISM

**W**HEN will all the world go right ?  
Never ! — Right is infinite.  
When will all the world go well ?  
That is different ; I will tell :  
When each man shall do no less  
Nor more than mind his business,  
And others would risk life and limb  
Who dared to interfere with him ; —  
This whenever you shall see,  
The world will then wag merrily.

### NEW BIRTH

'**T**IS not reform the world wants,  
A smoothing of this or that feature ;  
'T is not reform, but conversion,  
A new, regenerate creature.

### MASKS

**T**HOUGHT is but the mask whereby  
Life is hid, as word hides thought.  
Ends the dance ; and eye to eye  
Soul and Life at last are brought.

## MORROW-SONGS

### WIT AND MADNESS

**H**IS sister, crazing, dreamed herself a queen,  
And, after long years, in that fancy died ;  
Meanwhile, a poet, he, with brow serene,  
Faced Life, its king ; — as mad as she, men cried.

### OPPRESSION

**B**ROTHERS, ye still must suffering endure ; —  
B'T is life's hard way its ills through pain to cure.  
And cured shall yours be when your agony  
Wrings you at last to ope your eyes and see.

### THE BEGINNING OF CIVILIZATION

**M**AN outgrows like a garment and throws off  
Law, which is custom armed ; then custom  
next,  
That levelling instinct of the commonplace ;  
Last righteousness, which is the cramped cocoon  
Wherein man's soul bred wings for flying free.  
Then love shoots forth, fragrant and white, from lust,  
As from its root in mud the water-lily.  
Man's long, long term of barbarism ends,  
Civilization and true life begin.

## THE JEW

### THE JEW \*

**T**HE Jew at his best and worst, Jesus and Shylock stand ; —  
Galilee bred the one, the other a Christian land.

### THE KING OF DARKNESS

**I**F I were the King of Darkness,  
But one thing I should fear.—  
I would toil as a liberal monarch  
To make my people freer ;  
I would take the tax off music,  
Words should be free as air ;  
All men should taste of the choicest,  
And revel in perfumes rare.  
The softest of silk should clothe them,  
Their limbs should repose on down ;  
Naught should lack my approval,  
On no excess would I frown.  
One only thing would I banish,  
And combat with all my might,—  
The poisonous, blasphemous, impious,  
Nihilistic Light.

\* The first line embodies a saying of my friend Robert Nicol.

## MORROW-SONGS

### MUSIC-LIFE

**O**VER the poet's eyes  
The clods are shoveled and trod.  
Stified in silence lies  
The seer who sang of God.

Wide o'er that voiceless mound  
The anthem's might outswells ;  
And I know — in the world of sound,  
Escaped, the spirit dwells.

### RECREANT

**H**AD he died while his words of flame  
Were kindling every soul,  
The world had written his name  
On its brightest hero-scroll.

But fate condemned him to live,  
And life his words to unsay ;  
Our idol we cannot forgive  
For crumbling to common clay.

But, trust me, 't is better so ;  
No man should our homage own ;  
Our hearts should their faith bestow  
On Truth, and on Truth alone.



## THE RULE OF MAMMON

### THE RULE OF MAMMON

**L**OADED with curses of men, and long forgotten of God ;

This is the upas tree on its venom-blasted sod ;  
Loveless, lightless, foul, in its poison's reeking pall,  
Befriended, known, but of Hate, where God smiles  
over all.

The seasons cheer and strengthen, the morns their  
life renew,

But here is naught that lives but the drip of murder-dew,

And the ring of leperous greensward, whose oozy  
death o'erpours,

Widening, widening, widening over earth's happy  
shores ;

And ever its charnel breath blackens the festered  
sky,

And ever the ground that was made for men, who  
have risen so high,

To grow from men into man, and, still ascending,  
who knows ?

To mount from man into godhead, ever the good  
ground grows

But a breeding-place for devils, where they that  
still have room

Choke their brothers backward into the stench and  
gloom ;

## MORROW-SONGS

And both outdo the beasts in their clamorous claw-  
ing strife ;  
And still that circle of death spews over the green  
earth's life.  
But, see, in the black above, the lightnings that  
probe to the clod !  
An earthquake fumbles beneath.  
No, not forgotten of God !

## BIRTH

TO E. G. R.

**F**OR thee the mother's sacred joy  
That unto earth a man is born ;  
For him the love without alloy,—  
God's pledge,—unfailing even and morn.

## HATE

**T**HE hottest hate by vengeance fanned  
Burns not with instant wrath ;  
White molten iron will kiss thy hand,—  
But make it not thy bath !

## TRUTH, PEACE, LOVE

### TRUTH, PEACE, LOVE \*

#### TRUTH

“**W**E buy the truth,” cried Bunyan’s pilgrim pair,  
In that vile mart where truth ne’er entered in.  
Here, amid industry’s encroaching din,  
Where traffic’s tumult storms the trembling air,  
What task is this ye deem than all more fair,  
What profit manifold look ye to win,  
What ore to smelt, what golden threads to spin,  
What shop is this, what handiwork, what ware?

We build a mart to knowledge consecrate,  
Above whose door is writ “Let there be light.”  
On him that lacks our treasures freely wait,  
For eyes that see make not the sun less bright.  
Free are our goods, yet is our profit great,  
For only truth preserves a nation’s might.

#### PEACE

Of knowledge what shall be the earliest fruit?  
Oh! can ye doubt that first-fruit shall be peace?  
To earth’s long agony bringing release,

\* Read at the dedication of the Riverside Public Library.

## MORROW-SONGS

Ending the trail of blood that from the brute  
Hath ever followed man's advancing foot ;  
    To war and rumored war a last surcease.  
    Desire of all the ages, blest increase  
Of earth's blood-watered prayers, Peace we salute.

But canst thou dream these inoffensive ranks  
    Have power to scatter war's embattled hosts ?  
That at their silent shock the navy's banks  
    Of waiting death shall fade from earth's fair  
        coasts ?  
Nay, 't is no dream. On Slaughter's bristling flanks  
    Truth charges, and they melt like morning ghosts.

## LOVE

For lo ! a mighty spirit upon earth  
    Descends, whereof Peace but forerunner fares ;  
    For Peace is naught, saving as it prepares  
The whole round world a pathway for the mirth  
And majesty that hasten to Love's birth ;  
    For Love shall reign wide as earth's wooing airs,  
    Deep as man's heart, high as heaven's altar stairs,  
Whose rule shall know no end, nor fulness dearth.

Love the fulfilment is of all the law,  
    And all the æons of the travailing past ;

## TRUTH, PEACE, LOVE

Is in our hearts fulfilled, who here withdraw  
From ease and gain and strife, which heaven  
o'ercast,  
That we may build this temple without flaw  
To Truth, to Peace, to Love, supreme and last.

## JOHN HENRY MACKAY

**W**IDE through the world thou art driven  
By the spirit that lashes thy breast ;  
All life can give it hath given  
Thee freely, save only rest ;

Rest, and the vision raising  
The vail over uttermost skies,—  
The look that comes to me gazing  
Into my children's eyes.

## ALONENESS

**S**IRIUS girt by worlds of light  
With lesser wonderment I mark  
Than a glowworm in the forest's night,  
Where else is only dark.

## MORROW-SONGS

### COMRADE

**L**ET the dead bury their dead " quoth he ;  
And on he marched without more ado ;  
Not a turn of the head, not a bend of the knee,  
For the comrade so tender and brave and true.

I care not ; the Cause may linger now,  
While the stricken heart in its anguish cowers ;  
I must kneel, and twine for that fair Greek brow  
A garland of dusty wayside flowers.

### THE SATIRIST

**N**OT mine to draw the cloth-yard shaft  
From straining palm to thrilling ear ;  
Then launch it through the monster's hulk,  
One thrust, from front to rear.

Mine is the Bushman's tiny bow,  
Whose wounds the foeman hardly feels ;  
He laughs and lifts his hand to smite,  
Then, suddenly, he reels.

## MIDWAY

### MIDWAY \*

*"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita."*

**Y**OUTH for dreams, manhood for toil, age for  
the dreams' fulfilling,  
So runs the course of highest life, when all the gods  
are willing.  
So Dante dreamed and agonized, from sweet New  
Life's romances,  
Through strife and exile, to the sight that crowns  
all human trances.  
His face, that from the artist's brush had graced  
the courts of Heaven,  
Grew seared as if enswathed within his Malebolge's  
levin;  
And yet his heart passed on unbroke through Hell's  
forlorn abysm,  
Nor failed until it sank beneath the triune splen-  
dor's chrysm.  
So sweet Cervantes, sunrise-souled, with wounds  
and fetters burdened,  
Nursed in his heart the high resolve that fate, re-  
pentant, guerdoned.  
Before his smile the masquerade of folly, robed and  
hollow,

\* Written for the fifteenth anniversary of the class of 1880 in  
Colby University.

## MORROW-SONGS

Sank like the braying herds that felt the bright  
shafts of Apollo;  
And, "one foot in the stirrup," still he wrought  
that all men wondered,  
And Death, who bore his soul away, of half his  
booty plundered.  
So Chaucer, touched by love's sweet pain to most  
melodious plaining,  
Was doomed to con life's day-book lines of sordid  
loss and gaining;  
But when at last for his account the great Task-  
master beckoned,  
He smiled and held the world aloft with all its  
values reckoned.

Of all the darlings of the muse, foremost among  
her favored,  
Blest with her full, peculiar love, that life-long  
never wavered,  
Stand two supremely eminent: the one whom Flor-  
ence nourished,  
The other round whose youthful steps the drama's  
fulness flourished.  
But twice, O calm Urania, high-throned above our  
passions,  
Twice only hast thou felt the pang that Death for  
mortals fashions:



## MIDWAY

Once when beneath Ravenna's pines thy Dante's  
eyes were darkened,  
And once when Milton, blind, alone, Death's icy  
footsteps hearkened.  
A Samson straining at the posts his tugging could  
not level,  
A captive 'neath the roof where Crime held high  
exultant revel;  
Powerless to raze that Shrine of Sin, which mocked  
his might, victorious,  
He turned, and high above it reared another shrine  
so glorious  
That all the world with pilgrim feet now bends its  
worship thither,  
Unmindful of the crumbling Shame, whose weeds  
untrodden wither;  
So, to the dream of Milton's youth, his manhood's  
high ambition,  
The gods accorded to his age to work a full fruition.  
Men live who Hawthorne's morning saw by gloom  
of toil beclouded,  
Yet witness how he bore his heart with no repining  
shrouded;  
And when at length the darkness broke, lo! fame's  
serenest summit.  
The height his youthful vision saw, his manhood's  
feet had clomb it.

## MORROW-SONGS

O kindly friends within whose eyes the light of  
love arises,  
Which once illumed our youthful blanks with glow  
of future prizes,  
No trophies from the world we bring, save un-  
dimmed high endeavor,  
Yet dare believe your toil, your faith, shall not be  
mocked forever.  
Our dreams are dreamed ; with eyesight purged of  
golden youth's illusion,  
We see the world the maze it is of struggle and  
confusion.  
No place for dreams ! and yet we leave our castles  
high upbuidled,  
Flushed with the rose of hope untried, with dawn's  
expectance gilded.  
We turn, and deep in earth we delve, or swink in  
kiln and quarry,  
Whereto ? but that the world some day may see,  
and not be sorry,  
Those airy outlines taking form in solid, shining  
marble,  
A house of joy, where men may feast, while birds  
around it warble.  
For History this proclaims, its flight world-wide  
through æons taking,  
That naught abides save only dreams transmuted  
into waking.

## ORIGINALITY

## ORIGINALITY

**T**HE man who not yet seeth clear,  
Confused by cries "Lo there!" "Lo  
here!"

Can but proclaim another's sight.  
But when he once hath seen aright,  
Pierced to the splendor through the dim,  
His vision so attendeth him,  
Whate'er he views by others shown,  
His revelation bides his own.

## REVEALED

**N**OW, on a sudden, I know it, the secret, the  
secret of life.

Why, the very green of the grass in the fields with  
betrayal is rife!

The whirr of the grasshopper by the wayside pro-  
claims it to all;

'T is unrolled as a scroll to all eyes in the curve of  
the waterfall.

But, for me, I can only wonder at mortals, — the  
secret out;

For they see, hear, taste, smell, feel not what Heaven  
reveals all about.

## MORROW-SONGS

### KEARSARGE

**T**HIS morning on my eastward road  
Kearsarge's top a diamond glowed.  
At noon on its ice-planed ridge I lie,  
Facing the neighbor clouds on high ;  
My back is warmed by the sun-bathed stone, —  
A child of earth myself I own,  
And yet within for flight endowed,  
To float, a brother to the cloud.  
An eagle swims the gulf abreast,  
Eyeing askance his unknown guest.  
O Eagle, I wonder if thou art  
Nearer than I to the mountain's heart ;  
Canst better the hidden meaning guess  
Of its vast and cavernous silences ;  
The burden of its midnight moan,  
The plaint of the rain on its breast of stone,  
Or the Cause whereto its trumpet-call  
Summons the world to fight or fall.

But hither though we twain may come,  
Neither here can build his home.  
Thine is the tree-top half-way down,  
And mine in the lowland, the far-off town.  
Thy tongue I know not, thou knowst not mine ;  
We dimly interpret by sound and sign ;

## KEARSARGE

Then how shall either the secret reach  
Of the mountain's formless and primal speech ?  
Yet all-prevailing is love that abides ;  
Not wholly its meaning the mountain hides  
From thee in thy patient, circling flight,  
Nor me outstretched on its sailing height.  
For what we lack it behooves us wait ;  
And what we have learned, with hearts elate,  
Yet awed by the mountain's mighty sway,  
To ponder, understand, and obey.

## BABYHOOD

**T**HE baby learns by bumps and bruises,  
Else could he never learn at all.  
Now, who can tell but this the use is  
Of earthly life to great and small ?

Our world was haply made to fail in,  
The place to learn how not to do ;  
To blunder, stumble, ache, and wail in,  
Till out of false we learn the true.

## MORROW-SONGS

### MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS

**T**HEY bade me take the middle course  
And shun a palsied eld's remorse ;  
Betimes to rise and eke to bed,  
Look not on wine or lips when red,  
In food and drink, in speech and dress,  
Avoiding spareness and excess ;  
Ever as Wisdom's final touch  
To take the rule of "Not too much."

By this rule have I lived my life,  
Free from ambition, joy, or strife ;  
And now, when fourscore years are done,  
I strike the balance, and have won  
From all, head, heart, and hand have brought  
In fourscore years of living — naught.  
Better one pang of love's defeat,  
One mad thought hammered at white heat,  
One dash to gain a hopeless goal,  
Than Life triumphant over Soul.

## THE TRIUMPH OF TOIL

### THE TRIUMPH OF TOIL

**O** GOLDEN Dreams that I loved and toiled  
but to feed,  
This is the triumph of toil, that no longer I heed  
You, whom I toiled for by day to possess at night,  
But find night and day in toil my only delight.

### THE PLAYER

**Y**ON man with hollow cheeks and eyes of fire,  
And hair upstarting, as he smites the lyre;  
The message it so wrings him to convey,  
That music, dar'st thou hear and call it *play*?

### SONG-LULL

**W**HY are our poets silent? Is it in  
The utter wanhope of this devil's-din,  
Which stuns men into deafness? Do not fear!  
That low-born jangle never meets their ear.  
It is because too near sweeps roaring by  
The flaming robe of giant Destiny.

## MORROW-SONGS

### THE TIME-SERVER

**H**E serves the Time with knuckle and nod,  
And Time, who is a generous god,  
Gives him all that heart can desire,  
Except, it may be, prophetic fire.

### GENIUS

**A**T last the doom of genius is made plain ; —  
Not heavenly-fed the beacon we behold,  
Which turns the dusk of earthly life to gold,  
But stealing sustenance from heart and brain.  
No marvel if the streaming Pharos drain  
The strength that lifts it, and with manifold  
Disaster crashing fall, its years half told,  
A fume bat-winged with every shape of pain.

Twin-born its wreck and splendor. — Oh ! rejoice  
That we have learned its secret, and no more  
May cheapen with blind insult or defence  
Its godlike doom, wherein was writ no choice  
And no escape. The dead vain tears deplore ;  
The living claim love's tardy penitence.



## FERTILITY,

### FERTILITY

**A** MONTH devoid of song, but strown  
With toil and pain and anxious care,—  
The cumbering draff through which alone  
Song's fragrant blossoms leap to air.

### GUIDED

**M**USE, we have rowed on glassy streams,  
Poised 'twixt the skies of truth and dreams ;  
You, at the tiller, lolled to trail  
A water-lily o'er the rail ;  
I, drunken with your beauty's wine,  
Recked only of its breath divine,  
Nor dreamed what high up-clashing seas  
Should follow swift that love-lapped ease.

On those white surges tost and whirled,  
An atom in a strangling world,  
Without a star, without a ray,  
We drove through wrecks of night and day,  
You guiding still our dizzy flight,  
I at your feet benumbed with fright,  
Till suddenly you seized my hand,  
And lo ! we were in peace at land.

## MORROW-SONGS

On this Enchanted Isle our stay  
Or long or short is yours to say.  
Here all about us rolls the sea,  
Its terror now a part of me,  
To heighten joys like these I know,  
Reclining on your breast of snow,  
Yet to assure by sea or land  
My welfare at your guiding hand.

## THE WAY STATION

**T**WELVE times a day the train whirls by,  
Four times my humble name it heeds;  
I live not in the traveler's eye  
More than the rail o'er which he speeds.

From the great city forward borne  
To the great city of his quest,  
Awake or slumbering, night or morn,  
He recks not of my toil or rest.

Yet, but for me, the giant mart  
Would melt like drifted smoke of trains;  
Its very stones are all my part,  
And mine its conquering hands and brains.

## CULTURE

## CULTURE

**B**EAUTY,—ah! yes, but first let Justice be  
done in the earth,

Justice, which brings Heaven down from the  
barren stars to the ground,  
Here to be dwelt-in of men — Heaven's only mean-  
ing and worth ;

And in Heaven or this our Hell, think you, shall  
Beauty be found ?

Nay, dream not of Heaven below ; the utmost that  
earth can give,

The highest of human life, the perfectest Golden  
Age,

Will not be Heaven brought down, where men  
shall as angels live,

But Purgatory, where still we shall climb from  
stage to stage.

## BEFORE DAWN

**B**ECAUSE I spurned the manikin men name  
The Ineffable Name, they shrieked and stopped  
their ears.

But taunts of " Atheist " lend my death no fears ;

## MORROW-SONGS

My dread is all lest I, as meet for blame,  
Reared too my idol when I durst proclaim :  
    Exalt we Plato's thought, the Christ's warm  
        tears,  
    And Cæsar's throne above heaven's topmost  
        spheres,  
The Infinite outsoars them still the same.

Silence had holier been ; I see it now,  
    Lying 'twixt night and what shall follow night.  
Better to stand with bare and open brow  
    Confessing never can our human sight  
Attain thy garment's hem ; yea, to avow  
    Earth's dark not even the nadir of thy light.

## DUST

SATANIC Science, to reveal  
A speck of dust the snowflake's core !  
Well, bravo, dust ! If you could steal  
    Angelic plumes, we'll mope no more.

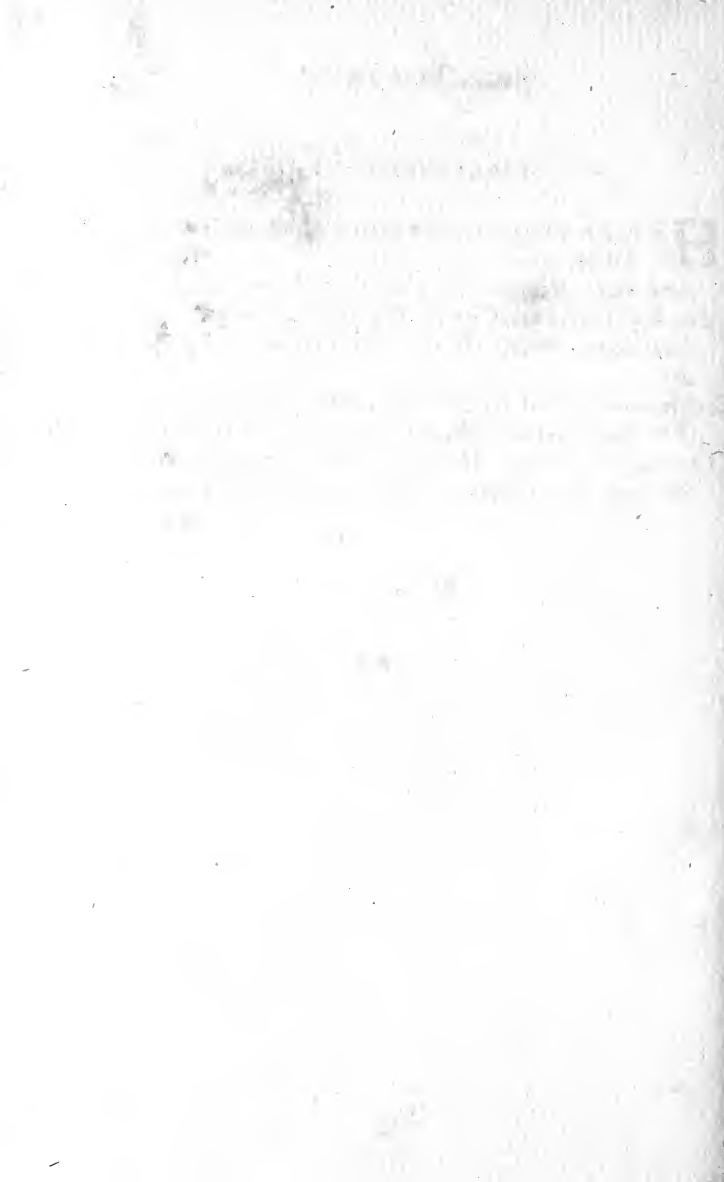
## TWO POETS

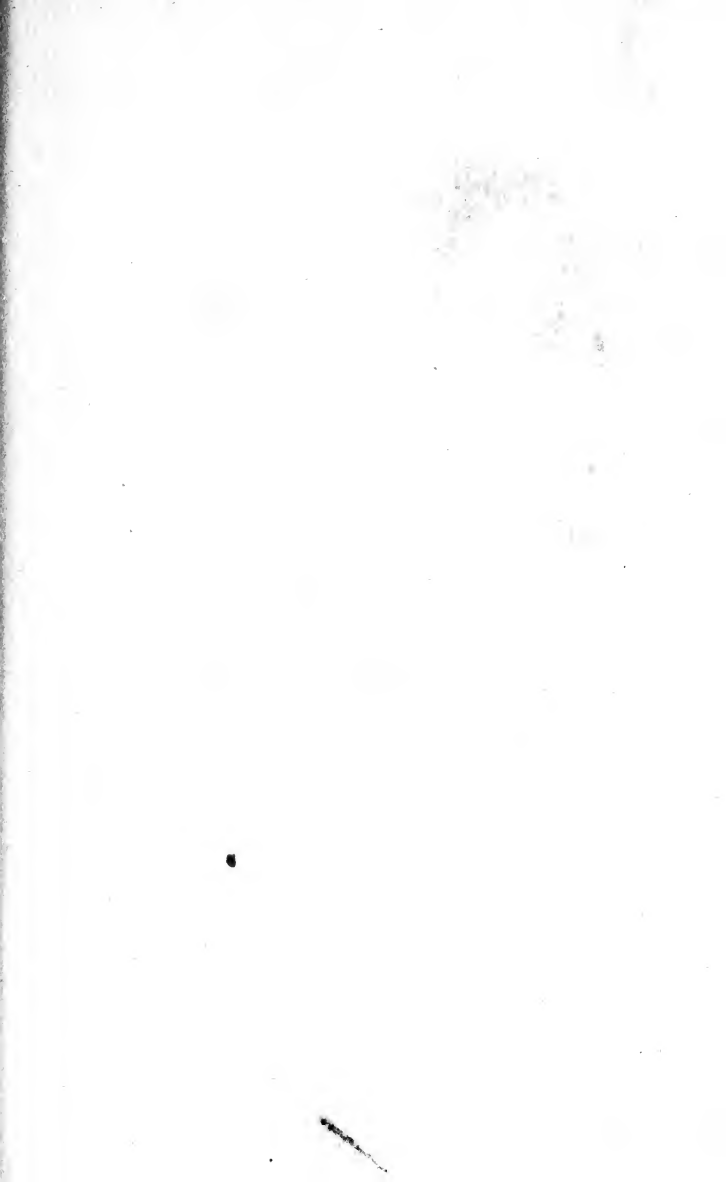
## TWO POETS

**H**E had a straight Greek brow, which sculptors  
loved,

And clear and pure his classic measures rang.  
Men hailed him bard by all the gods approved,  
And snowy maids his star-cold numbers sang.

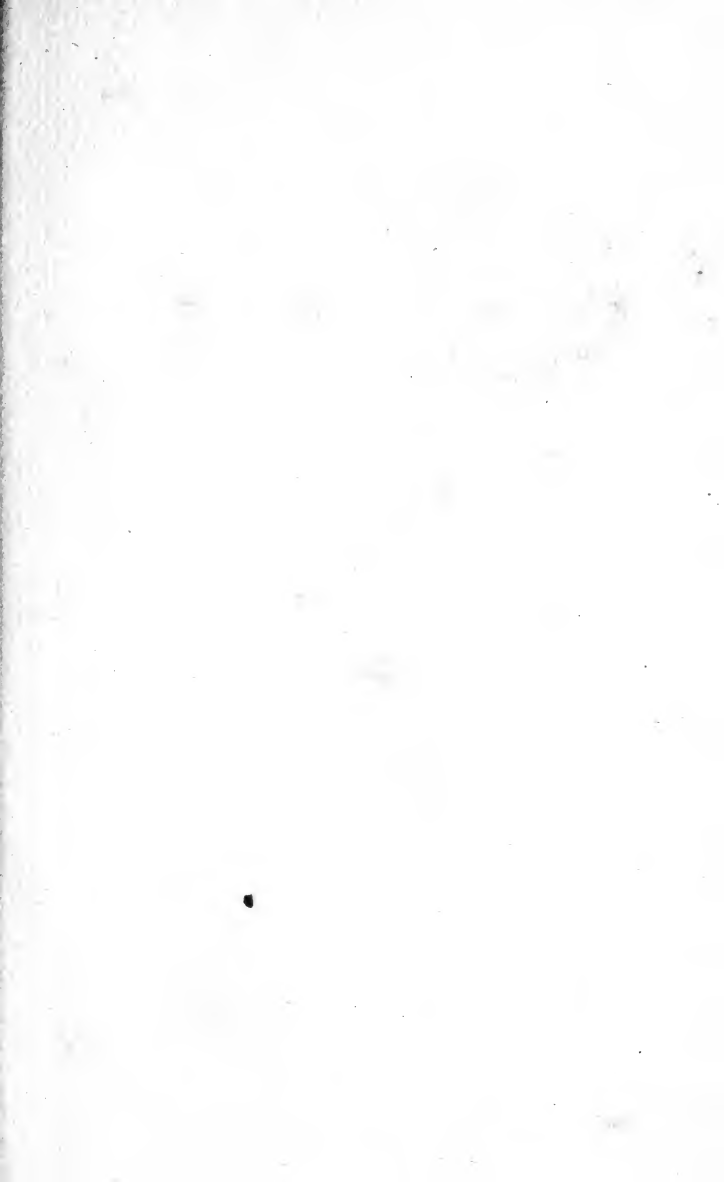
Look now on this face. Mark the bulging brow,  
The shapeless mouth, the torn and twisted ear,  
The seams of riot. Nay, who marks them now?  
*He* fired men's hearts to win our Golden Year.



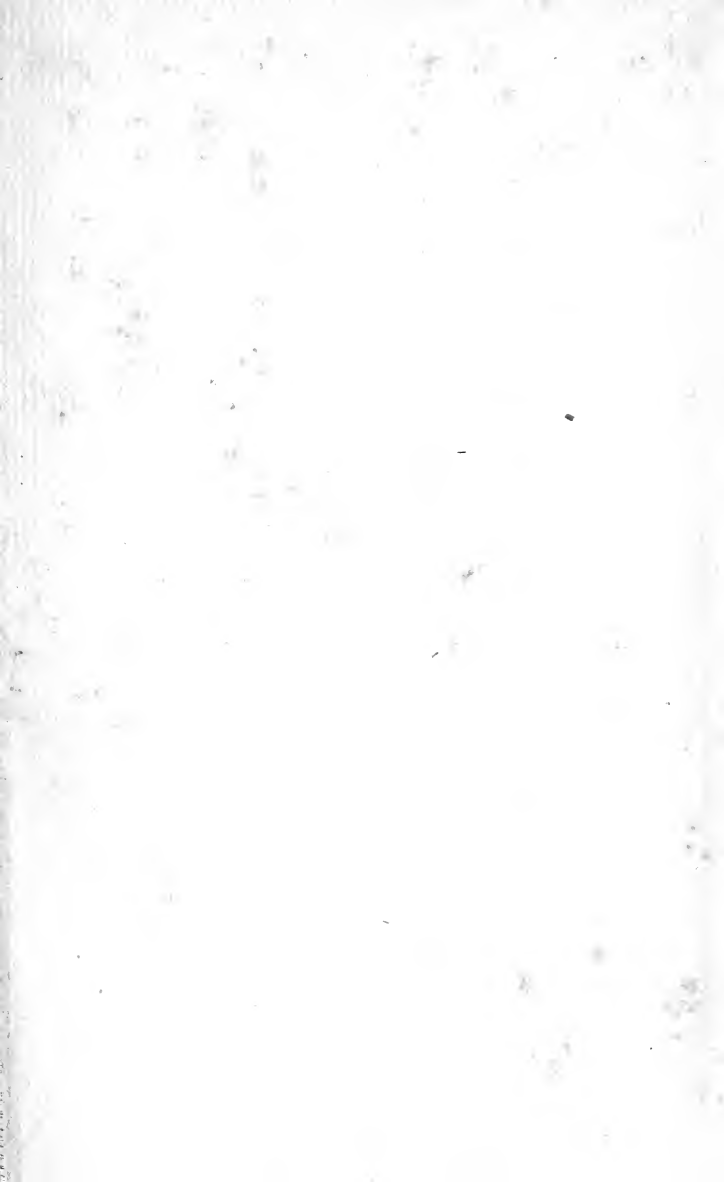












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